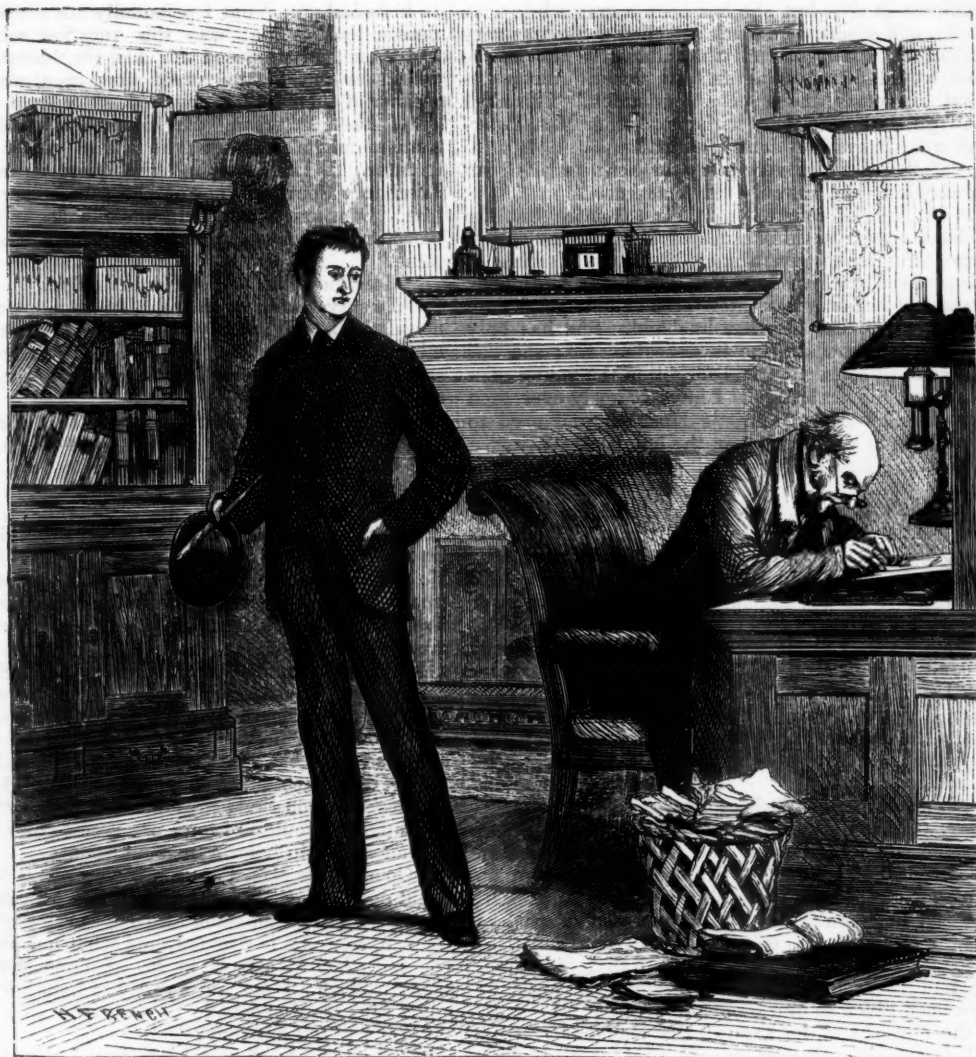


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



"I HAVE NO MORE TIME TO SPARE," SAID MR. GOLDIE. "YOU CAME LATE TO BEGIN WITH."

LOMBARDY COURT:

A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.

CHAPTER V.—A BARGAIN.

"For what is Worth, in anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring?"—*Butler.*

"POOR Mrs. Peterson! I am so grieved. I don't think I ever felt so sorry for any one in my life! What a terrible shock! They were so very

No. 1360.—JANUARY 19, 1873.

domestic, and so much attached to one another. I hope she has some one with her."

The speaker was Mrs. Goldie. Her husband had just brought her the lamentable tidings of the death by drowning of his late manager. She knew comparatively but little of him personally, but had often been to visit his wife, and had been very kind and attentive to her when she was in trouble.

"I wonder whether she would like me to go and see her," she said, presently. "It would be a painful

PRICE ONE PENNY.

thing to do, and I am sure I should not have an idea what to say to her, or how to pretend to comfort her; but I am so afraid that she may be alone, and she used to like to see me and Amy also after her poor Mary died. Sally would be very kind and sympathizing as far as she could, poor thing!"

"Who is Sally?"

"Mrs. Peterson's servant, a maid-of-all-work; a rough sort of woman, with no education and no manners at all; but she has been a long while with them, and seems very much attached. She was very useful when they had all that illness in the house, and would do anything in her power. But a servant cannot be much of a companion. I think I will go, and take Amy with me. Poor Mrs. Peterson was always very fond of Amy."

"Tell her I am very sorry for her; and if I can do anything she has only to let me know."

"Oh yes, of course," said Mrs. Goldie; but she did not appear to think much of her husband's message, though she gave him credit for the kindness of his motives. "Poor Mrs. Peterson!" she continued; "she lost her only daughter three or four years ago, and now she has lost her husband. She has only her son left now, and he is delicate. No; she has two sons, of course. I had forgotten the young man who went to Cambridge. I have scarcely ever seen him since he was at Christ's Hospital, and used to come here to be looked at in the holidays. It was a great thing for him, your giving him that presentation."

"I don't think he was very grateful for it," said Mr. Goldie. "I have never seen him since he left the school. I always thought it a mistake of poor Peterson's, letting him go to the university. He will have to modify his ideas now, and set to work to earn his living."

"I hope they are left well off—for them, I mean, of course," said Mrs. Goldie.

"I don't know; not so well as they might have been, I fear. Peterson meant to have insured his life. He had arranged to do so the very day this happened. I grieve to say that it was not completed."

"Why did he not do it sooner?"

Mr. Goldie did not answer her. It was not a pleasant subject. He had felt so glad after he had given him that cheque; and now it had been of no avail. He could not help acknowledging to himself that Mr. Peterson's plea for an increase of stipend was a reasonable one, considering the length of time that he had been in the office, and that his whole life had been devoted to his service. It ought to have been given to him sooner if given at all. But, on the other hand, he argued, the manager had no real claim to it. He was as well paid as most men in his position. He could not, consistently with his principles as a man of business, have given him a much higher stipend. Still, he wished he had presented him with that cheque a little sooner. He had done right according to his theory, and tried to persuade himself so; but his mind was ill at ease about it, and theory is but a poor salve for a sore conscience.

"It will be a great inconvenience to you, losing Mr. Peterson," Mrs. Goldie remarked, presently.

"Yes; I shall miss him very much, of course. He understood the business so well, and was so punctual, and always to be depended upon. I could leave anything to poor Peterson. It was sure to go right.

He was quite a stay to the house, too, and seemed to keep every one else in his place, and all in working order."

Mr. Goldie spoke of his late manager as if he had been a piece of machinery of a superior kind, a chronometer among watches. But it was more from a habit of thus expressing himself than as an utterance of his thoughts at that moment. The last conversation which he had with his manager recurred to his mind. "What I personally am worth to you personally." That was the question which Mr. Peterson had proposed for his consideration. It would be put to the proof now in a way which neither of them had anticipated.

"I liked Peterson," Mr. Goldie said, sadly, after some moments' silence; "he was so pleasant in his manner. I looked upon him quite as a friend. Lombardy Court will not be the same place without him. Of course I can find some one else to take his place and do his work; but I shall miss him all the same."

"How long had he been in the office?"

"Twenty years or more. Twenty—nay, thirty, now I think of it; thirty-two or three. Yes, I shall miss him very much." Mr. Goldie sighed as he said it. He was a practical man, and did not mean to do it; but he sighed.

"I can't bear to think about poor Mrs. Peterson," said his wife. "I have a great mind to go and see her at once. I don't think I will take Amy, though, on second thoughts."

"Why not?"

"Charles Peterson will be there, and in great trouble; and Amy is a girl of very tender feelings. No; it was very well a year or two ago, when he was so ill, and it was doubtful whether he would live; but it is a different thing now,—they are both growing up."

Mr. Goldie smiled at his wife's motherly prudence, but was well satisfied. He had never quite approved of letting Amy go so much to Mrs. Peterson's. Not that he thought any harm could come of it in the way that his wife suggested, but because of the difference in their position. The idea that Charles Peterson could presume to think anything of his daughter would not have occurred to him, and he did not entertain it for a moment.

"Go and see Mrs. Peterson if you like," he said; "and don't forget to tell her how I feel for her, and how sorry I am, and—all that. And find out, if you can, how she is situated, and what her prospects are, and what she means to do. I hope she is left pretty well off; I am quite ready to help her in any way I can, at all events."

"Am I to tell her that?"

"Yes, certainly, if you think there is any occasion for it."

It was a trying thing for Mrs. Goldie to go and see Mrs. Peterson at such a time; and she had said truly that she should not have the least idea what to say to her or how to comfort her; but she thought it would be unkind not to call at her door, at least, and inquire after her, and she could not feel satisfied till she had done so. She put on her soberest dress, therefore, a black silk, and took the feather out of her bonnet, and set off to walk to Vernon Place, wondering nervously whether she should be admitted, and how poor Mrs. Peterson had been enabled to bear up under this terrible affliction. Mrs. Goldie had visited her before when she was in trouble, after

the loss of her daughter, and she knew well that there was a source of consolation open to her more real and effectual than any that it was in the power of human lips to offer. But at that time the poor bereaved mother had had her husband to share the burden with her, and now she was almost alone. Then, too, the blow had come gradually; it had been anticipated, and they had waited for it with patience and resignation; the loss of her husband, on the contrary, was sudden and unexpected, and the circumstances under which it occurred lamentable and distressing. This second grief had come, too, while the other was yet fresh in the memory, and the wound would be more severely felt on that account, and the remedy or alleviation for it more difficult to find. Mrs. Goldie felt, therefore, that she had an anxious and painful task before her; and when Sally, with red eyes, opened the door to her, and burst at once into tears at sight of her, and could not answer her inquiries about her mistress for her sobs, Mrs. Goldie almost repented that she had not deferred her visit for a day or two, and bade Sally tell her mistress that she had only called to ask after her, and that she would come another time to see her if she wished it. She was invited to go in, however, and once inside the house of mourning her womanly instinct taught her how to behave. In the presence of that great calm sorrow which met her as she entered the room, she forgot at once all the little consolatory phrases which she had been conning over in her mind on her way thither, and after kissing her friend affectionately, sat down by her side and mingled her tears with hers in silence. She remained with her a long time, and though but few words were exchanged, she felt that her unspoken sympathy had done good, and wished that she could have spent the remainder of the day with Mrs. Peterson instead of going back to her formal dinner at Colombo Villa, and to the usual routine of spending the evening in fancy work or other trifling amusement after it.

The following day, when Mrs. Goldie again visited the poor widow, she was able to do so, not only without embarrassment, but with something even of pleasure and satisfaction. Mrs. Peterson had many a sweet and precious verse of Holy Scripture to refer to, and it was wonderful to her friend to see how she was able, in the depths of her affliction, to rest upon the consolations of God's word, applying His gracious promises, like balm, to her wounded heart, and rejoicing in the unwavering assurance of His providence and goodness. For a moment Mrs. Goldie almost felt that it was a profane thing for her, a woman of the world, and little more than a formalist in religion, as she told herself, to offer sympathy to one whose thoughts were so much higher than her own, and who had another Friend and Comforter to depend upon, so much above them both, and yet so near—"a very present help in time of trouble." But it was evident that Mrs. Peterson clung to her, nevertheless, and liked to have her with her, and she felt that it was good for them both that she should be there; for the tendency of pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is not to make men independent of their brethren, but rather, through their common experience of human griefs and heavenly consolations, to draw them closer to one another, and to knit their hearts together in the tenderest bonds of sympathy and love.

Mr. Goldie also felt very sorry for the widow of

his late clerk, as well as for his own loss. He was kind and attentive to the former, after his fashion, and called at the door of her house two or three times to inquire after her, though his wife brought him a report almost daily. He wore a narrow band of black cloth upon his hat, which his tailor told him was the proper depth for complimentary mourning; and though he did not himself attend the funeral, the shutters of the counting-house in Lombardy Court were partly closed for three or four hours on the day when it took place; and Mr. Jones, the accountant, who had been almost as many years with the firm as the late manager, together with some others of the clerks, followed the body to the grave.

After that Mrs. Goldie went to see the widow three or four times, and took her daughter with her, for Mrs. Peterson asked for her, and Amy herself wondered why she might not go, and it seemed as if it might be the means of putting ideas into the young people's heads, of which they were evidently quite innocent so far, if any difficulty were made about it. So Amy accompanied her mother, as before, without any reserve, taking with her some little present for the invalid (for the poor lady was almost prostrated by the shock she had experienced, and seemed to feel it more, rather than less, as the days passed on), and doing all that she could think of to help and comfort her. It was quite natural that Mrs. Peterson should be fond of Amy; she had been so kind to her daughter when she was ill, and afterwards to Charlie. She had lent him books, and had read to him and played games with him, and they had been a great deal together. When he got better the intimacy had ceased, but now, for a time, the intercourse was renewed, and Amy came like a sunbeam in the midst of darkness to cheer the lonely home.

"Ah, if I had such a daughter of my own!" the poor widow used to say to herself, after these visits. "If my poor little Mary had been spared, how great a comfort would she have been to me! Amy is so affectionate and gentle. I love the very tone of her voice when she is reading, and still more when she repeats so feelingly one of my favourite hymns. Mary would have been about her age now if she had lived. Well, she has been spared this sorrow; and my dear husband has the greater joy, I hope. We shall all meet together again in heaven, and He who makes it the chief sum of our happiness on earth to love one another will give us a greater and more lasting enjoyment of those dear affections in the world to come."

A few days after the funeral Mr. Goldie sent a message to Mrs. Peterson, requesting that her eldest son, who was now at home, should call upon him at the counting-house at a time which he appointed. John had "gone down" from Cambridge after his father's death, and it was understood that he would not return there. A sudden end had been put to his ambition. He must now work for his living, and assist in keeping a home for his mother. He must leave Greek and Latin, abandon all thoughts of distinction in the paths of learning, and put his shoulder to the wheel in lower, if not less honourable, labours, in order to earn money. It was a great disappointment to him, as well as to Mrs. Peterson; but it could not be helped; and Mr. Goldie, knowing how matters stood, had made an appointment to see him, with the intention, no doubt, of doing something for him.

John Peterson was a thin, large-boned youth, of

sallow complexion and sharp features, grave and old-looking for his years, and especially so under the pressure of this sorrow for his father's loss, and this disappointment of his own hopes. He had a certain peculiarity of expression which was not altogether unpleasant; for though some would have called it a scowl, and would have set him down at once as a cross-grained, ill-tempered fellow, others would read in it firmness of character and determination of purpose, not incompatible with gentler emotions; and would at least suspend their judgment. When he smiled, the effect was not favourable, but rather cynical or supercilious, but when he talked on any subject in which he was particularly interested one could hardly fail to be attracted by his earnestness. At school he had been hard to get on with; reserved and proud, his schoolmates called him. His equals in age did not care for him, but younger boys, when he condescended to notice them, would run after him, and do anything he bade them. With the masters he was no special favourite, for though he had always been diligent with his work and had excellent abilities, he did not seem to be animated so much by love of study as by a determination to get on; not showing much appreciation of the authors which he read, but going the shortest way to attain his end; not at all an interesting pupil, but patient, persevering, cramming. John Peterson did not attempt to conceal, even from his mother, the disgust which he felt at having to give up the prospect of a university career and to settle down to the drudgery of office work instead. He felt himself injured, and thought his father might have managed better. He never said a word on the subject, however, because it would have been useless, and resigned himself sullenly but silently to his lot.

It was in no amiable mood, therefore, that John Peterson approached the counting-house on the day of his appointment with Mr. Goldie. He was smoking, and walked past the entrance to Lombardy Court for some distance that he might finish his cigar before going in. It was a costly one (good tobacco is costly), and he did not like to throw it away. When at length he entered the house he was shown upstairs at once, and found Mr. Goldie stooping over his desk as usual, and very busy.

"You are late," said the merchant, offering him three fingers of his left hand, which he withdrew again as soon as his visitor had touched them. "You are ten minutes late. Punctuality in business is most essential; I don't know how it may be regarded at the university, but in the City there is nothing to be done without it. I have another appointment presently; therefore—not to lose more time—what are your prospects?" The question might have been anticipated, but being put thus abruptly the young man felt annoyed. Prospects he had none, and he said so plainly.

"How are you left?" Mr. Goldie proceeded. "Your mother and all of you—how are you left?"

"As might have been expected, sir. You know what my father's income was."

"Your father was a most worthy, respectable man, and very careful, I thought."

"Yes, but he had so little to be careful with."

"Much or little are questions of degree. I hoped your father had made some provision for his family, independently of the insurance which he contemplated on his life, and which I regret to find was not completed."

"It would have been completed if he had not been detained here until too late on that fatal day."

"I am aware of it. It is a pity it was not done years ago, however; a great pity!"

"He would have had much difficulty in sparing the money for the annual premium; his income was very small, as you will admit."

"I don't admit it. On the contrary, your father's stipend was quite equal to that of other men in his position. I have made inquiry—not that I had any doubt about it—and I find that it is as I have said. I am very sorry to lose your father's services, for I esteemed him most highly, and liked him also as a friend; but I am expecting a gentleman here presently, who has been strongly recommended to me, to take his place, and he will be contented with a smaller stipend."

"He has no family, perhaps?"

"I have not asked him; that is not my affair. I don't see that it would make any difference in the value of his services to me. I dare say he will not want to send his children to the university, if he has any. It is not likely that a man in his position can do that and make provision for his family also. But time presses. There is a balance due to your father; the cashier will calculate it and pay it, and I shall be glad to assist you further, if needful, as a matter of—of—"

"Charity!" the young man suggested, with his unpleasant smile.

"I was going to say friendship."

"I think we have some claims upon your kindness, certainly. My father lost his life in your service, and was prevented by the same cause from making the insurance which he had intended."

"If you talk of claims," said the merchant, "I must interrupt you. There would be no knowing where our liabilities would end if claims of that sort were to be allowed in business. Let us be practical, if possible. What are your own ideas as to employment?"

John had no particular ideas on that subject now. He had thought once that he should like to be a fellow of a college, or a clergyman with a good living and not too large a population. He was willing to do anything, he said; that was the only answer he could give. He would not care much what it was for the present.

"I hope that, whatever it may be, you will do it conscientiously," said Mr. Goldie, who did not much like his manner.

"I hope so."

"And with a good will?"

The young man thought to himself that he could hardly promise that; it would depend upon the nature of the occupation. It was not likely that Mr. Goldie would pay him for good will, and therefore he could have no right to expect it. He made no reply, therefore; and on the question being repeated, murmured something which Mr. Goldie was fain to understand as acquiescence.

"I was about to offer you a place in my counting-house," said the merchant. "We require another clerk; you would begin with a little, of course, but might get on. You don't seem to like the idea of it?"

"I shall be glad to accept it," John replied. "It will make no difference to you whether I like it or not: the stipend will be the same, I suppose, in either case, as long as I do my work."

"Why, yes, to be sure," said Mr. Goldie, but he

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did not seem very well pleased with the young man's way of putting it. "Well, you can come into the counting-house. Then as to your brother. I make it a rule not to have two of one family in the same house; but I can send him abroad. I can find an appointment for him in one of the colonies: or you can go there yourself, if you prefer it. Perhaps that would be the better plan, as your brother is not strong; but I have made you the offer and will not retract; so you had better go home and talk it over, and settle it among yourselves. I have no more time to spare at present, so good morning. You came late to begin with."

Mr. Goldie's face went down as he spoke, and the inexpressive vacancy of his bald head took its place. It was well that he did not look up again immediately, or he would have seen the scowl of dissatisfaction, and the scornful curl of the lip, with which the young man regarded him, as he turned to leave the room. Striding down the stairs two or three at a time, John Peterson flung the swing door open hastily, and without stopping to make any apology to a gentleman who happened to be entering at the same moment, and with whom it came into violent contact, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and walked rapidly away.

CHAPTER VI.—SECOND THOUGHTS.

"Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice."—Wordsworth.

JOHN PETERSON could hardly refrain from grinding his teeth together visibly and audibly as he turned out of Lombardy Court; he had already had some experience of the monotony and irksomeness of a clerk's occupation before he went to Cambridge. He had congratulated himself immensely on having, as he supposed, done with such drudgery, and had thought, with pity, not altogether distinct from contempt, upon the companions of his toil, whom he had left chained to their stools and desks. Now he was to return to the same dreary labour and descend once more to the same level. His heart sank with a feeling akin to despair at the thought that such a position as Mr. Goldie now offered him could hardly be expected to lead to anything better, but would probably be his doom as long as he should live. The thought of what he might have done at the university, if only he could have continued there, made his present fate the more distasteful to him. He had been getting on so well there; he had gained an exhibition; a small thing, to be sure, and he had not thought much of it at the time, but it would have been very useful, and might have led to larger and more honourable gains. Now it had to be sacrificed, and it pained him far more to give it up than it had pleased him in the first instance to receive it. At one moment he thought he would go abroad, trusting to the chapter of accidents in a foreign land to raise him from his low condition. But what better prospect was there for him in any other country? it would most likely be the same thing there, with transportation added.

After a time, the first angry excitement of his mind gave way to calmer reflection, and John Peterson began to argue the question whether it might not be possible to make even this hated employment in Goldie Brothers' counting-house a stepping-stone to higher destinies. It would provide him with maintenance and some spare cash, and it would leave him a considerable part of the twenty-four hours for his

own disposal. He could read, he could study, he could cram, in the mornings and the evenings, and even sometimes at the office, when there was not over much to do. He did not care for amusements; he could do without recreation; and there were public libraries and helps of various kinds to be had at little cost in London. Why should he not return even yet to the university at no very distant time and ultimately obtain that distinction which he so much coveted? To resolve was to accomplish—so at least he thought. Before he reached home he had resolved, resigning himself, however, at the same time, to be miserable and discontented during all the period of his adversity, and to enjoy neither rest nor comfort until the object which he had proposed to himself should be attained.

Mrs. Peterson, who had been waiting anxiously for her son's return, opened the door for him when she saw him coming, and looked up in his face with eager expectation to hear what news he had brought her. But John was too much occupied with his own thoughts to understand her anxiety, and was not disposed to be communicative. He had nothing pleasant to relate, and threw himself into the chair which she placed for him near the fire, complaining of the weather and the mud.

"Come, John," said Mrs. Peterson, at last; "have you got nothing to tell us? What did Mr. Goldie say to you?"

"I can't repeat his conversation; you would not be much edified if I did so."

"Tell us the result, then."

"It is not worth telling. I am to go into the counting-house in that place—what do you call it?—Lombardy Court, to work and drudge from morning till night for whatever my brains are worth in the labour market."

"Yes; I expected that," said Mrs. Peterson, in a sympathising tone; "I suppose it is the only thing that Mr. Goldie could do for you."

"We shall have enough to live upon, I hope, with one thing or another, and it will do for the present."

"Was that all?" Mrs. Peterson asked, at length; "did he say nothing about Charley?"

"Oh, yes; I forgot about Charley. Charley is to go abroad to one of the agents; Botany Bay, or somewhere."

"Abroad! Botany Bay!"

"He did not say where."

"Charley must not go abroad," said his mother, looking at her son with fear and tenderness. "He has always been so delicate. I can't let him go away from home."

"Well—but, mother," said Charley, "that is what we have always talked about and wished for, you know."

"Oh, Madeira, or Algiers, or even the South of France. Yes; if we could have taken you there at the beginning of the winter it might have been a good thing for you; or it might not," she added, reflectively. "You are much better now than you were at that time, and are outgrowing your weakness, I hope. Perhaps it was as well that we could not do as richer folks would have done. Things are generally ordered for the best when they are beyond our own control. But Botany Bay!"

"John was only joking about that, of course. Who knows but that Mr. Goldie may send me to the Mediterranean, or to India?"

"I couldn't part with you, Charley," said his

mother; "not just yet, all events. No; you must not go far away. If you could have gone into the counting-house and—"

She did not finish her sentence, for she thought it might be displeasing to John. She did not love him less than Charley. She was proud of him, and thought him vastly superior in most things to his younger brother. It was a great disappointment to her that his prospects in life had been marred. But Charley had always been at home with her. She had lavished so much care and tenderness upon him; he had almost taken the place of the daughter she had lost; and she was still anxious about him lest the improvement which had taken place in his health and development should be checked. If, therefore, she had been able to choose which of her two sons should go abroad just then, she would not have hesitated to send John away and keep Charley with her.

"You wouldn't like to go abroad, John?" she said, hesitatingly.

"No," he answered; "I don't see anything to like in either alternative. I hope I shall find some other opening for myself before long."

"If you are as good a man as your father was, John, you'll be honoured and respected by everybody, and will be happy also, no matter what your position may be."

"How about Charley, then? Does not the same argument apply to him?"

"Yes," Mrs. Peterson answered, slowly, "of course it does, if only we can have faith to see it. But where is he to go, and for how long? Did you not ask anything about it?"

"No; Mr. Goldie was in such a hurry; 'some-where,' he said; 'one of the colonies,' that was all."

"We shall know everything in good time," said Charley. "Don't let us be anxious. I am not obliged to go, you know, if it's a bad place; I could get a situation nearer home, I dare say. Let us wait and see."

A few days later a letter was received from a Mr. Huxtable, Mr. Goldie's new managing clerk, enclosing a cheque for the amount due "to the estate of the late Mr. Peterson." At the same time a definite offer was made to his two sons; to the one a clerkship in the London counting-house, and to the other a similar appointment at one of the ports of the Mediterranean. Mr. Huxtable desired to be informed, at their earliest convenience, which of the two young men would go abroad, and which would remain in England, that question being left for their own arrangement. In the meantime, John Peterson's aversion to the drudgery of office work in London had increased to such a degree that he had almost resolved to take the situation abroad instead; and when Mr. Huxtable's letter was read, the prospect of a trip up the Mediterranean had so great an attraction for him that he resolved at once to take the foreign appointment for himself. Mrs. Peterson was delighted when she heard this. She had begun to think that John was a little inconsiderate, not to say selfish, and was glad to find that she had judged him too hastily. He was not so regardless of his younger brother's health and requirements as she had imagined; and she did not hesitate to express her admiration of his goodness in making a sacrifice of this nature for his sake.

John could not help wincing a little as she talked thus. If his mother had understood the case aright, and had upbraided him for his selfishness, he would

have defended himself; but he was too honest to receive praise which he did not deserve.

"Why, you see, it's classic ground, mother," he said. "I shall have a chance of seeing Italy, and perhaps Greece. I must have a holiday sometimes, and can then run up the Archipelago or visit Egypt."

"Or come home," Mrs. Peterson suggested.

"Yes, when I have seen other places. I shall have an opportunity of learning languages too, and shall be able to make my way somehow or other, I dare say. Anything almost will be better than Lombardy Court."

"Charley will take that situation then," said Mrs. Peterson, quietly. "How shall you like it, Charley?"

"Oh, I shall like anything," he replied. "I have been idle so long that it will be a treat to have some occupation, and to be earning my own living."

"I thought it would all come right," said his mother; "there will be no Botany Bay for either of you; and Charley and I must take care of one another, and keep a home for John when he is able to pay us a visit."

RUSSIAN AND TURKISH STATISTICS.

FROM the Journal of the Statistical Society we extract some statements as to the religious tenets of the people under Russian and under Turkish rule, and a summary of the population of both empires as to its density.

Statistics of Creeds.—In Russia the bulk of the population belongs to the Greek church, which enjoys a vast majority in Europe and Siberia, but embraces less than half the population of Caucasus, and is hardly represented at all in Central Asia. Nearly all the Russians belong to it, as also the Roumanians, the Georgians of Caucasus, and many of the Fins, and other tribes in Siberia. Schism has at all times been rife in Russia, though indulgence has not hitherto been extended very liberally to schismatics. The Russians, who about 1649 acknowledged the Pope in Rome as their head, were forced back to the orthodox church in 1839, those settled in Poland alone excepted, who remain United Greeks to the present day, whilst other schismatics were exiled to Siberia or settled in other remote parts of the empire.

That the orthodox Greeks are a proselyting church may be seen from the numbers of Roman Catholics. The stronghold of the Roman Catholics is amongst the Poles, the Lithuanians and Shmudes, but whilst the former are not easily turned away from their faith, the latter are more ready to listen to the advantages held out in case of their conversion. That the "persuasions" of Russian priests and Government officials have not been without effect is shown by the slow

	Russia.		Turkey.		Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro.	
	Number.	Per Cent.	Number.	Per Cent.	Number.	Per Cent.
Christians of Greek Church.	74,383,405	85.7	8,047,968	31.0	6,132,522	90.0
Mohammedans.	8,971,643	10.4	17,519,350	67.4	1,800	—
Jews.	2,796,252	3.2	134,800	0.7	251,600	4.0
Heathens.	574,386	0.7	233,750	0.9	—	—
Total.	86,727,886	100.0	25,996,864	100.0	6,385,322	100.0

increase or even decrease of the Roman Catholic population of Russia. In 1853 there were 2,806,700 Catholics; in 1867, 2,882,991; and in 1870, 2,897,560; and the increase amongst them has consequently been at a very much lower rate than among the population generally.

Protestantism obtains in Finland and in the German Baltic provinces. The Armenian Church is most numerous represented in Caucasasia.

The Jews constitute an important element of the population, more especially in Poland, Western and Little Russia, where there are districts in which they can boast of a majority. They first came to Poland at the time of the Crusades, and spread thence over the adjoining provinces of Russia. They increase much more rapidly than the people amongst whom they live, and attempts to convert them have failed in Russia as everywhere else.

The Mohammedans constitute 10·4 per cent. of the total population of the empire. They are a majority in the Government of Ufa, and strongly represented in Kazan, Orenburg, Samara, Astrakhan, Taurida, Perm, and Viatka. Nearly the whole of Eastern Caucasasia is Mohammedan, and in Central Asia Islam prevails almost to the exclusion of every other form of religion.

The Calmucks of European Russia are Bhuddists, but more of the other heathens of Russia are Shamans, whose superstitions prevail also amongst many of the tribes who have embraced Christianity.

Russia certainly presents a picture of the most diverse forms of religious belief. There are Christians of the three great churches, Greek, Roman, and Protestants; Christian dissenters belonging to at least two hundred different sects, Mohammedan, Sunnites, and Shiits, Jews, Bhuddists, and Shamanists. But if we exclude certain frontier provinces, the great bulk of the people is found to adhere to the orthodox national church. In Turkey the circumstances are far less favourable. Certainly 68 per cent. of the population are Mohammedans, but they belong to a great variety of races, and are very unequally distributed over the empire. This is more especially the case in Europe. Only in twelve sanjaks out of a total of thirty-four are the Mohammedans in a majority. In Constantinople, Tulcha, Varna, and Doama, this majority consists of Turks or Tartars. In Rustchuk it is made up by Circassians and renegade Bulgarians, and in the remaining sanjaks there are hardly any Turks at all, the Mohammedans of Tristina, Diora, and Berat, being Albanians for the most part, and those of the Bosnian sanjaks Servians. The position of the Mohammedans is different in Asia, for there they are in a great majority everywhere except on the islands, which belong to the Greeks. It should not, however, escape notice that the Kurds are Sunnites, and that there exist four Mohammedan sects in Syria—Druses, Nazairiyeh, Ismailieh, and Metawileh.

The divisions amongst the Christian inhabitants of the Turkish empire, however, are far more profound than those existing amongst the Mohammedans. The Armenians are too widely dispersed, and even in Armenia, their stronghold, they are too small in numbers to enable them to act as a united body. Not so the Roman Catholics. These have not only induced several of the Eastern Christians in Asia to acknowledge the Pope as their head, but have also secured a footing amongst Bosnians and Albanians, and are endeavouring to gain over to their side the

Bulgarians. As to the "Greeks" so called, they no longer universally acknowledge the patriarch of Constantinople as their supreme head. The Roumanians and Servians have long ago established national churches of their own, and the Bulgarians, driven thereto by the rapacity and misconduct of the Greek bishops and priests supplied them from Constantinople, have done so likewise as recently as 1860. This split in the church sufficiently accounts for the active support extended to the Turks in the existing crises by the Greek patriarch. Religious rancour and national antipathies to the Slavs, which are of old standing, sufficiently account for his conduct.

Density of Population.—The countries under notice are very thinly inhabited. In European Russia, exclusive of Poland, there are only five governments (Moscow, Podolia, Kief, Kursk, and Pultova) having more than 100 inhabitants to a square mile, and even in Poland their number does not exceed 123, which is far inferior to what we meet with in the adjoining provinces of Austria. On an average there are 36 inhabitants to a square mile in European Russia, 29 in the Caucasus, 3 in Central Asia, and only 0·7 in Siberia; the average for the whole empire amounting to 10. In a large measure this sparseness of the population can be accounted for by the inhospitable nature of a large portion of the country. Vast regions of the empire lie within the Arctic circle, and these must for ever remain the home of trappers and reindeer nomads; there are extensive desert tracts in Asia and even in Europe, which defy every attempt at cultivation. But on the other hand it cannot be doubted for a moment that the present population of Russia falls short, by far, of what that country is able to support. There still remains immense tracts which are capable of cultivation, and even the steppes might in course of time be converted into a productive agricultural region. The successes achieved there, by German colonists, in the planting of trees, ought to encourage further efforts in the same direction, and the labours of colonists would no doubt prove equally remunerative with those of the American settlers who are rapidly converting useless prairies into fruitful orchards. Siberia, too, and even Central Asia, call for colonists, and however rapidly the population of Russia may increase, there is space within the vast limits of the empire for additional millions. Siberia has to a large extent received the criminal population of the empire, but colonisation, to be successful, must be effected by means of hardy, industrious, and honest settlers. They alone can convert an unprofitable wilderness into a productive district, contributing its share towards the support of the State, instead of proving a constant drain upon its resources. The political importance of introducing a respectable Russian element into the most remote corners of the empire cannot be over-estimated, and a properly organised system of colonisation would certainly prove more productive than the large sums at present lavished upon military array.

The geographical position of Turkey is in every respect more favourable, and the fact that its population is nearly thrice as dense as that of Russia will not therefore cause surprise. Still, in European Turkey the number of inhabitants to a square mile is only 61, which is inferior to what we find in twenty-four out of the fifty governments into which European Russia is divided, and falls short even more considerably of the population supported on an equal area in Poland or the Austrian empire, not to speak of the

vassal states of Roumania and Servia. A regenerated Turkey might easily double the number of its inhabitants without fear of over-population, and if a density were to be attained such as exists at present in Austria, European Turkey would number nearly 24 millions instead of less than 10, as at present. With the exception of the Constantinopolitan district, with 623 inhabitants to a square mile, there is but one sanjak of Turkey the population of which is as dense as in Austria. This is the sanjak of Berat, a small district of Albania facing the Adriatic, and almost exclusively inhabited by Albanians, where there are 160 inhabitants to a square mile. In the Dobruja (Talcha and Varna) the number is but 37, in Bulgaria 65, in Albania 65. Only in five sanjaks does the population exceed 100 inhabitants to a square mile.

Turkey in Asia is far less densely peopled than the European portion of the empire, for the number of inhabitants to a square mile only amounts to 23, and even on the islands, where it is densest, it does not exceed 65. That Turkey could support a far larger population than it does at present, and in greater comfort, cannot be doubted. The work of amelioration, pointed out in the case of Russia, would prove equally advantageous in the rival empire. But, instead of this, forests are devastated to meet temporary embarrassments, and the State is managed as if it were the estate of a spendthrift owner in the hands of bailiffs, whose only aim is to enrich themselves rapidly without any thought of the future.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

I.

THE memoir of Charles Kingsley is one of no ordinary interest. It is the record of a man who must be acknowledged, by those who most widely differed from him, to have exercised a powerful influence on a very large and varied circle, and this under circumstances apparently little favourable to it. He passed the chief part of his life as rector of a quiet and secluded rural parish, but his influence extended to those who would generally have been considered peculiarly out of reach of the ministrations of a country clergyman. Artisans and workmen in crowded cities, political agitators, chartists and free-thinkers, philosophers and artists, soldiers and sailors, men of the world, sportsmen, students, representatives, in a word, of almost every phase of English life, came within that wide sphere of influence.

And his versatility was almost as remarkable. A hardworking country pastor, he was at the same time novelist, poet, natural philosopher, politician, lecturer on sanitary science and on education, on art and on literature. Nothing seemed to come amiss to him; on all he had something to say. Much of what we meet with in the letters before us is valuable and interesting; indeed the choice is difficult among such stores; but perhaps a selection from such a mass of materials might have been made with advantage. Biographers too often forget the old proverb that "The half is more than the whole." We will begin by a short sketch of his life.

Charles Kingsley was the son of a clergyman of an old Hampshire family. He was born in

1819, at Holne, in Devonshire. His mother, the daughter of a Barbados judge, seems to have been a woman of remarkable talent, as well as cultivation and much poetical taste. She delighted in the lovely scenery of her Devonshire home, and wished her son to love it too; and though he left his birth-place when but a few weeks old, and never saw it till he was thirty, both it and every Devonshire scene and association had a special charm for him through life. "I am," he said, "a West-country man born and bred."

The first ten years of his life were spent, however, among very different surroundings, near Peterborough, and among the fens of the East country; but when he was eleven years old his father was again located on the Devonshire coast at Clovelly, and the striking scenery and wild fishing life coloured his boyhood and filled his after-life with vivid and picturesque reminiscences. He was a precocious child, delicate in health, but exceedingly active in mind. Sermons and poems of his composed at *four years old* are actually still extant, and show wonderful force and originality for so young a child.

A thirst for knowledge, and a deep conscientiousness, characterised him from the first. He was educated first at a private school at Clifton, and then at Helston, under the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of the poet. As a schoolboy he was distinguished by his love of physical science. Though strong and active and courageous, he had little skill in playground games, and greatly preferred a botanical or geological walk to any such amusements. His tastes were rather for natural science and art than for classics or mathematical studies, and even at this early period his love of nature was fostered by his deep reverence for nature's God.*

When he was seventeen his parents removed to Chelsea, where his father had been presented to a living, and he was entered as a regular student of King's College. The details of London parish work, which occupied all the time of his parents, and the change from the free country life of North Devon to a crowded London suburb, were very irksome to the young student; but he worked hard at his college course, and made up in his leisure moments for the lack of all other amusements by devouring every book he could lay hands on.

In 1838 he entered Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he soon gained a scholarship. The following year, when staying in a village in Oxfordshire, where his father had taken temporary duty for the sake of change of air and scene, he met with his future wife, Fanny Grenfell. "That was my real wedding day," he said, fifteen years afterwards, of the first day of their meeting, in July, 1839.

His mind was at this time much troubled by religious doubts, but he never contentedly acquiesced in them. His face is described at that time as having a sad, unsatisfied, hungering look which bore witness to the state of his mind.

The influence of his future wife seems to have been exerted to lead him to better things, and before he left Oxfordshire he was so shaken in his doubts that he promised to read his Bible again and pray for light. For some time after this his life was, however, a very dark one. He had no settled faith, and was hopeless as to the success of his attachment to Miss Grenfell. At one time he had serious

* In late life being asked how he could reconcile Science and Scripture, he replied, "By believing that God is love."

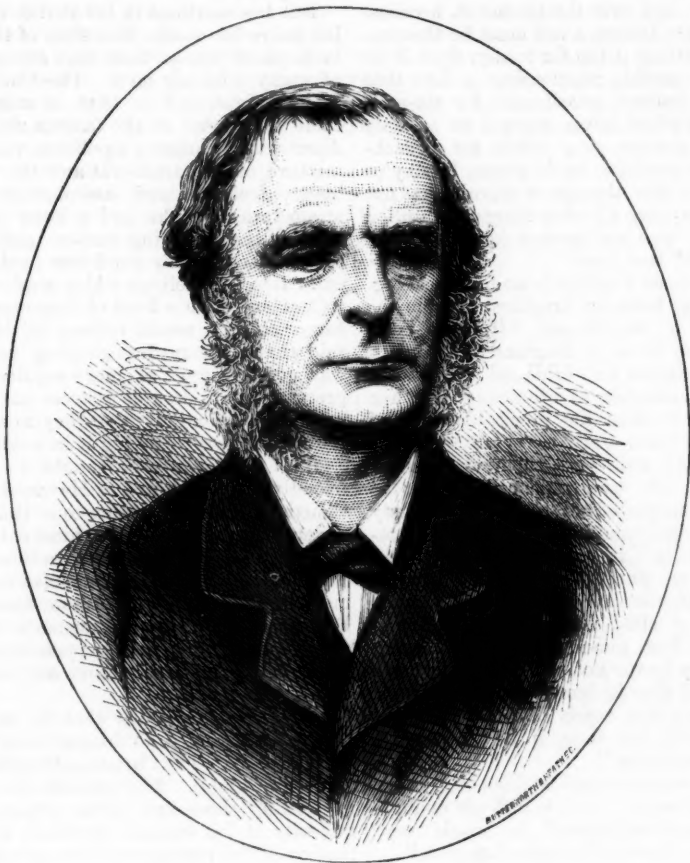
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thoughts of breaking away from all, and emigrating to the West, in despair of attaining the object of his wishes. To deaden the pain of his mind, he threw himself energetically into active outward pursuits, as fishing, shooting, riding, athletic exercises (in all of which he excelled), and taking walks of twenty-five or even fifty miles at a time.

After long and intense mental struggles he was at

"What is our present dreariness and weariness to what it would have been two thousand years ago? We have now the Rock of Ages to cling to . . . Oh, we are highly favoured. When I watch the working of the ancient minds, weighed down with the sense of the mystery of life, and giddy with the ceaseless whirl of matter and mind through infinite obscurity, then I feel how safe we are! Such men as these—



From Photograph by R. W. Thrupp, Birmingham.

Kingsley

length enabled to lay hold on the Christian faith with a firm grasp, which was never afterwards relaxed; and soon after this change he gave up his previous purpose of pursuing the law as a profession, and resolved on taking holy orders. He had been idle during the early part of his stay at Cambridge, but six months hard reading enabled him to take high honours on leaving. In July, 1842, he was ordained, and took the curacy of Eversley, in Hampshire, of which he was afterwards incumbent. A letter to his future wife soon after shows the change that had passed over him.

phantom builders, trying in vain to arrange the everlasting chaos around them—these were the wise of old. And we, by the alchemy of God's Spirit, can by prayer systematise the chaos, and walk upon the rolling mists of infinity as on solid ground. All is safe, for through all time, changeless and unbroken, extends the Rock of Ages!"

His marriage to the lady he had so long loved took place in the beginning of 1844, and soon afterwards he was made incumbent of Eversley, where he had been so long a curate. His domestic life appears to have been a singularly happy one. The glimpses

of it in his memoirs are touchingly beautiful. What his feelings as a husband were, is shown in a characteristic letter he wrote to a friend thirteen years later: "I believe one never truly understands the blessed mystery of marriage till one has nursed a sick wife, nor understands, either, what treasures women are."

In the words of his widow, "Those only who lived with him in the intimacy of everyday life at home, can tell what he was as a man. Over the real romance of his life, and over the tenderest, loveliest passages in his private letters, a veil must be thrown; but it will not be lifting it too far to say, that if in the highest, closest earthly relationship, a love that never failed—pure, patient, passionate, for six-and-thirty years—a love which never stooped to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the age of chivalry has not passed away for ever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the ideal of a 'most true and perfect knight,' to the one woman blest with that love."

The picture of him as a father is no less pleasing. The family gatherings were the brightest hour in the day. "I wonder," he would say, "if there is so much laughing in any home in England as in ours." He looked on joyousness in childhood as a most important feature in child-life, as a tonic to strengthen the young creatures to meet the inevitable trials of the future. The children were never so happy as with their father. His rule with them was always calm and equable. He was very careful not to frighten any child suspected of a fault by hasty questioning which might tempt him to lie or equivocate. "Do we pray daily," he said, "'Lord, confound me not,' and shall we dare to confound our own children by sudden accusations or suspicious anger? . . . Do not train a child by letting anger and punishment be the first announcement of having sinned. . . . The boy learns not to fear sin, but the punishment of it, and thus he learns to lie. At every first fault and offence, too, teach him the principle which makes it sinful, and then, if he sins again, it will be with his eyes open."

He was careful, also, not to confuse his children by a multiplicity of small rules. "It is difficult enough to keep the ten commandments," he would say, "without making an eleventh in every direction."

His tenderness and care was no less great for his aged mother, who, after his father's death, resided under his roof, and to whom he ministered devotedly during the last few years of her life.

He was an indefatigable parish minister, the friend as well as instructor and guide of his people, and unwearied in attentions to them in sickness and trouble. During a bad low fever, which broke out at Eversley, he was the nurse and doctor, as well as pastor, to the sick, even sitting up for a whole night with the wife of a poor labourer, the mother of a large family, that he might give her the nourishment every half hour on which her life depended. When diphtheria prevailed, he might be seen going from cottage to cottage with large bottles of gargle under his arm, to show the people how to guard, by using it, against attacks of the enemy.

"No human being," writes a friend, "but was sure of a patient, interested hearer in him. I have seen him seat himself, hatless, beside a tramp on the grass outside his gate, in his eagerness to catch exactly what he had to say."

He was daily with his people in their cottages, and became personally intimate with every soul in the parish. If any one were suffering or dying, he would go to them five or six times a day—night as well as day. He seldom dined out. In the winter months his adult school and cottage readings took up six evenings in the week. His only relaxation was a few hours' fishing in a stream close by, or an occasional gallop on some old horse he had bought cheap for "parson's work."

But his exertions in his parish were only a part of his active life-work. The state of the working classes in England was at that time attracting the attention of many thinking men. The Chartist agitation was at its height, and in 1848, as many will remember, came to a head in the famous rising of the 10th of April. Mr. Kingsley's political views were a curious mixture of the aristocrat and the radical. His own tastes, feelings, and associations were eminently aristocratic; but he had a keen sympathy with the trials of the labouring classes; and his knowledge of the misery of their condition made him inclined to enter into the feelings which made them turn to the "Charter" with a kind of desperate hope that, *somehow or other*, it would redress all their wrongs. He said that their restless groping, as it were, for help, was not the result of mere caprice, but the intense pressure of intolerable distress on undisciplined and unenlightened minds; that they were right in desiring reform, but were seeking it in a wrong way.

With these views he sought to meet the evil by friendly remonstrance. He wrote letters to the Chartist leaders, pointing out that it was not by violence, furious attacks against existing institutions, wholesale abuse of those above them in position, and above all, not by throwing themselves into the Infidel movement, that they could hope for redress; that the Bible was the true "Reformer's Guide," the book which held out hopes to the poor man, and responded to the cry of his heart, above any voice that ever was heard on earth.

It was in this spirit that he united with a few friends likeminded to himself in bringing out such periodicals as "The Christian Socialist," and others of the same stamp. The attitude he took, however, in writing these and other papers, disgusted the majority of his clerical brethren, as well as a large portion of the reading public; and the publication of "Yeast," "Alton Locke," and a little later of "Hypatia," contributed to increase this feeling, although their power and brilliancy excited admiration. Both High and Low Church agreed in looking on him as a dangerous writer, both religiously and morally; while many, apart from these grounds, regarded him as a factious agitator.

It must be acknowledged that for a good deal of this misapprehension he was himself answerable, and in later life he acknowledged this with characteristic candour and humility.

In a letter to a friend many years later, he says, "I see clearly, with shame and sorrow, that the obloquy which I have brought often on myself and the good cause has been almost all my fault . . . that I have given the devil and bad men a handle, not by caring what people would say, but by *not caring* . . . fancying that I was a very grand fellow, who was going to speak what I knew to be true . . . while all the while I was deceiving myself, and unaware of . . . the proud, self-willed, self-conceited spirit . . . which took a

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pride in shocking and startling, and defying, and hitting as hard as I could, and fancied, blasphemously, that the word of God had come to me only, and went out from me only. God forgive me for these sins, as well as for my sins in the opposite direction, but for these sins especially, because I see them to be darker and more dangerous than the others."

This frank and humble confession gives, in part at least, the key to what made the books (whether novels or political and social essays) published by Mr. Kingsley at this time so offensive to a large proportion of readers. In a spirit of reckless defiance of public opinion, he put, so to speak, the worst side foremost; and certainly a casual reader of these writings, however impartial, would not have easily been able to give him credit for the piety, reverential feeling, and love of social order, which he really possessed. His vehement denunciations of the selfishness of the rich and great, and their forgetfulness of the poor, true to a certain extent in themselves, were carried to such a point as to convey the impression of his desiring to overthrow all social distinctions. He needed to be reminded, as one judicious friend, we believe, *did* on one occasion remind him, that the very free and cordial intercourse which he so justly wished to encourage between the rich and the poor, the employers and employed, would become impossible were all such distinctions obliterated. The extreme of democracy is apt to bring with it the extreme of exclusiveness; when the walls and hedges are broken down, each must guard his own boundary, weapon in hand, if needed.

But probably—and all we read in his life seems to prove this—he spoke on these points more strongly at times than he really meant. But there were other subjects of great complaint in these writings. His language was often plain almost to coarseness; good taste was sometimes unnecessarily outraged; and devout as he personally was, the expressions used did sometimes lack reverence. Altogether it was natural that readers accustomed to a very different mode of handling such subjects should have been disgusted and repelled.

Another and a deeper fault in these writings was the manner in which the Bible promises were used. The majority of Christian teachers of all shades of opinion had been inclined to the error of dwelling so exclusively on the spiritual side as almost to forget that men are made up of souls and bodies; they failed to keep in mind that the gospel has an outer and an inner side, and that to separate the *inner* Christian work of "calling out a people" for Christ's name, from the *outer* work of civilising and reforming abuses and overcoming physical evil, is as hopeless a task as to separate the soul and the body while life remains. This has been the commonest and most wide-spread error; but Mr. Kingsley rushed into the opposite extreme, and dwelt on the promises of the gospel as if it had been *only* a plan for reforming abuses and ameliorating the outer condition of the poor. Doubtless he exhorted them at the same time to reform their lives, but from causes we shall presently consider more at length, there was not the fulness and distinctness in his gospel teaching which would be needed to bring it home to the hearts of his hearers in all its integrity, and to balance the strong statements on the *earthly* side, as it were; so that, without his being aware of it, the gospel message, laid before the harassed, despond-

ing working-man, seemed to amount to little more than this, that Christ came into this world to preach freedom and justice to the poor, and warnings to the rich if they did not give them their due.

The clergy were naturally alarmed, thought the Bible was being brought down to the level of a revolutionary proclamation of liberty, equality, and fraternity; and so it came to pass that on one memorable occasion, when Mr. Kingsley had just finished a sermon preached in a London church at the request of the incumbent, the latter took fright and stood up when it was over to warn the congregation against the dangerous teaching they had just heard. And many others of the clergy, whose sense of propriety would have prevented them from acting in so unfitting a manner, were, nevertheless, afraid to allow Mr. Kingsley access to their pulpits.

It took years to live down this strong feeling of opposition; but these years doubtless did their work in teaching him valuable lessons. The trial was well borne; the attacks made on him, and made sometimes with a bitterness little likely to befriend their cause, were borne by him with a patience which did him honour. "Life is too hard work in itself," he would say, "to let one stop to hate and suspect people."

But we can trace the effect of this trying experience in the softened and improved tone of his later works, which present, in these respects, quite a contrast to the earlier ones.

In the meantime fresh work grew upon him. He was at one time lecturer at Queen's College; at another we find him lecturing at Edinburgh, and in many other places, on various subjects, but especially sanitary and educational topics. He wrote papers on seaside natural history in a popular magazine, which grew into "Glaucus;" while his no less well-known book, "The Heroes," was written for the use of his own children.

He had occasional brief holidays when utterly worn out with overwork, at Torquay, in Wales, once in Germany, and once at the foot of the Pyrenees. These he enjoyed with characteristic energy and heartiness, pursuing his favourite studies in natural history, geology, and botany, and sketching wherever he went. His love of drawing was as prominent a feature as his love of natural science; the pencil or pen was constantly in his hand when conversing, and often, while speaking on some special subject, he would cover a sheet of paper with illustrations and spirited sketches of heads, etc.

In 1860 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. To this was added, the year following, the duty and honour of giving private lessons to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who was then keeping his terms at Cambridge, after leaving Oxford. A class of undergraduates was formed, who took lessons with the Prince twice a week, while once a week the Prince went through a *résumé* of the week's work with Mr. Kingsley alone.

These engagements, added to his parish work, his extensive correspondence, and constant literary activity, formed a heavy load to bear single-handed. Only his indomitable energy and determination could have carried him through such a distracting confusion of different works, while only his childlike faith in God could have kept his highly-strung nature not only free from irritability, but cheerful and brave under every circumstance.

In 1863 he was appointed chaplain to the Prince

of Wales, and about the same time was chosen as a Fellow of the Geological College, an honour peculiarly gratifying to him. In 1869 he found himself, from the great pressure of work, obliged to resign the professorship at Cambridge, and soon after he was appointed to the canonry of Chester. As long as he held this position (which he only left to take one in Westminster Abbey) he resided three months of the year in Chester, and, as usual with him, threw himself heartily into all the work that came to hand, and that of the most varied character. He inaugurated a botanical and geological society at Chester, bringing parties of the members, accompanied by friends, ladies included, on excursions into the country, where he lectured in the fields on geology and botany, with hammer in hand and box for dried specimens on his shoulder. "These were bright afternoons," writes his biographer; "all classes mingling together; people who had lived next door to each other in Chester for years, perhaps without exchanging a word, now met on equal and friendly terms, and found themselves all travelling together in second-class carriages without distinction of rank or position, to return at the end of the long summer evening to their old city, refreshed and inspirited, with nosegays of wild flowers, geological specimens, and happy thoughts of God's earth and of their fellow-creatures. Perhaps the moral gain was as valuable as the scientific results of these field lectures."

But his activity was not confined to one department. He improved the condition of the city library and reading-room, delivered lectures on general subjects, and did much to check the mischief done by the annual Chester races. He was most diligent as a preacher at the cathedral; he had always large congregations of attentive hearers, and towards the close of his residence they increased in numbers.

About this time he went to Birmingham, to deliver a lecture at the Midland Institute, of which he had been appointed president for the year. The subject he chose was the Science of Health; and it bore fruit at once. A rich manufacturer of Birmingham, who had long been deploring the ignorance prevailing among the working classes on that subject, immediately decided to devote the sum of £2,500 to found classes and lectures on human physiology and sanitary science, believing that physical improvement would be followed by moral and mental, and that hospitals, and even prisons and madhouses, would be relieved of many cases which owe their origin to ignorance of the laws of health.

Mr. Kingsley visited the West Indies at the end of 1869, and the result of his travels appeared in a series of papers first published in "Good Words," and then in a volume, under the title of "At Last."

In 1874 he visited America, where he met with a warm reception from many who knew him well by reputation. The year before he had given up the canonry of Chester for that of Westminster, at the request of the Premier.

But he was not to hold it long. The vigorous frame and active brain had been taxed to the uttermost, and his health began to break. In December, 1874, he caught cold in the cloisters of the abbey, and could not shake it off. His wife was so dangerously ill that her life was despaired of; he ministered to her with unflinching courage and tenderness, suppressing his own sorrow to sustain her spirits; but the pressure was too much

for his enfeebled frame, bronchitis came on, and at last severe pneumonia laid him completely low. His love, strong in death, nerved him for a moment to rise from his own sick bed and make his way, in spite of all medical prohibitions, to his wife's side. Taking her hand, he said, "This is heaven, don't speak." But, the cough returning, he could say no more, and they never met again. For a few days he sent her pencilled notes from his bed, but at last illness and anxiety of mind overcame him, and he could write no more. For the last two days he asked no questions about his beloved sufferer, thinking her gone before him, and only said, "I, too, am come to an end; but it is all right, *all as it should be*." His last words were expressive of his lively faith and childlike confidence in his Heavenly Father. When he thought himself alone he was heard murmuring intense and earnest prayers. On one of these last nights of his life his daughter heard him say, "How beautiful God is!"

His last words were in the language of that beautiful collect in the service for the dying, "Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayer, but spare us, O Lord most holy; O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not in our last hour from any pains of death to fall away from thee." He never spoke again, and expired on the 23rd of January, 1875, without sigh or struggle.

His funeral was attended by friends and admirers of all classes—young officers from Aldershot and Sandhurst, with whom he had held most kindly and cordial intercourse, sailors, governors of distant colonies, the bishop of the diocese and the dean of his abbey, the representative of the Prince of Wales, and, close by, the gipsies of Eversley Common, who used to call him their "priest-king." The tributes of affectionate sympathy poured in on all sides.

He was buried in his own beloved churchyard, and over his grave was placed the motto he had himself chosen, commemorating his life-long attachment to his wife:—

"Amavimus, amamus, amabimus,"

and above it the words—

"GOD IS LOVE."

NATURAL MAGIC

BY JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE.

II.—OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

IN a previous paper it has been shown that the art of the magician chiefly consists in skilful use of nature's wonders. This is specially the case in regard to the illusions effected through knowledge of optical laws and appliances, with which the majority of people are not acquainted.

For the purposes of the magician no instrument is more valuable than the concave speculum, a mirror in shape like the inside of a watch-glass.

To illustrate one of the many forms of illusion obtainable by its aid, let a partition, as in Fig. 1, have an aperture in it on a level with the eye of the spectator, and behind the screen place a concave mirror (A) reflecting the inverted skeleton, placed in

a strong light at *n*. This will appear to the person in front in an upright position at the opening (*o*), and upon his advancing towards it the spectre will vanish altogether.



Fig. 1.

By a combination of plane mirrors—ordinary looking-glass, having perfectly flattened and parallel surfaces—many curious effects may be produced.

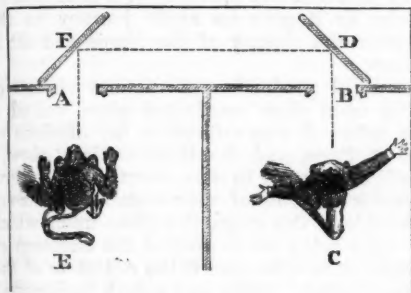


Fig. 2.

Suppose a room divided by partitions, as in Fig. 2, in which are two apertures, some five feet from the ground, at *A*, *B*. The aperture at *B* is filled in with

but if a curtain be drawn in front of the aperture, and, simultaneously, the mirror behind be raised above it, then, when the curtain is once more pulled aside, he will be astounded by the apparently magical

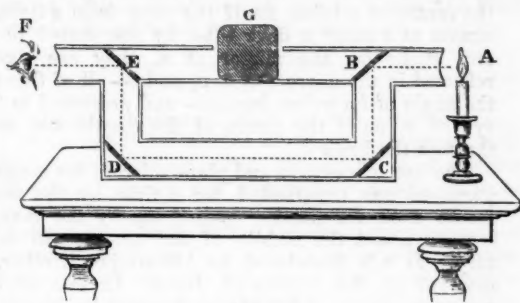


Fig. 3.

transformation, for, by the aid of a mirror at *D*, placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, and which he cannot distinguish from the one in which he pre-

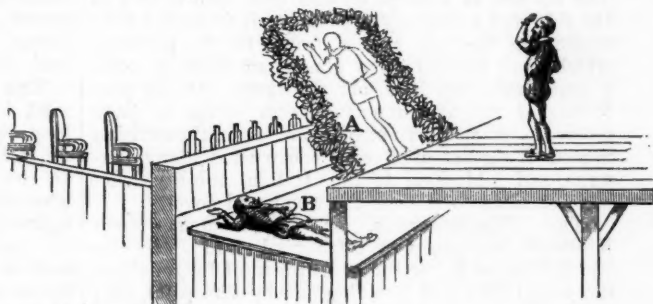


Fig. 4.

viously looked, he will see, not his own reflection, but that of his supposed (Darwinian) progenitor—which is rather a reflection upon his manhood—

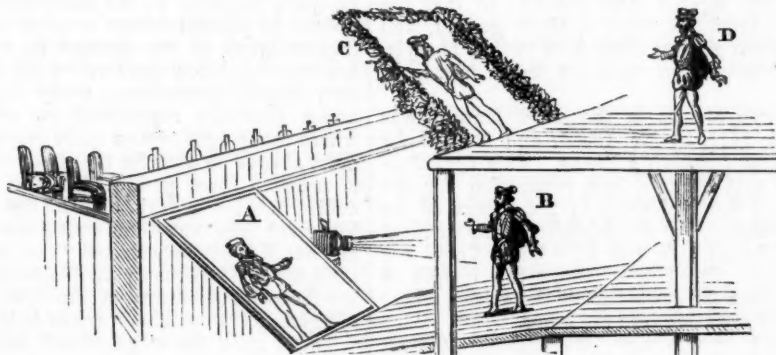


Fig. 5.

a plain sheet of glass, and behind this a silvered glass is arranged to run up and down upon pulleys. To complete the deception, a gilt frame may be placed round the opening, to give it the appearance of a mirror hanging upon the wall. Now, the spectator at *c*, who looks towards this while the silvered glass remains there, will see a reflection of himself,

whose image is transmitted along the dotted lines from the mirror at *F*.

The preceding illusions are more fully explained in Sir David Brewster's admirable "Letters on Natural Magic."

Upon the principle of the latter optical deception is the device by which one appears to look through a

solid object. An elderly gentleman of my acquaintance was wont to say, with perfect truthfulness, that he could see as far through a millstone as most people. By the illusion in Fig. 3 he might have been persuaded that he actually looked right through the centre of a brick, for if the rays from a lighted candle at *A* enter a dark tube by the dotted lines, and strike on the mirror at *B*, they are again reflected in the mirrors at *C*, *D*, and *E*—all of them at the angle of forty-five degrees—and presented to the eye at *F*, as if the flame of the candle was seen through the brick *G*.

The use of concave and plane mirrors for magical purposes was superseded for a time by the more fertile field for illusion opened up by the magic-lantern, about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was introduced by Athanasius Kircher, a member of the Society of Jesus. In one of his numerous works, "*Ars Magna Lucis et Umbrae*," he described one used by him in the Jesuits' College at Rome. There is an engraving in which a room is seen divided by a partition. Upon one side of this is a lantern and the operator; on the other the spectators, and a screen to receive the images. The lantern is a large wooden box, with a door at the side and a chimney at the top; in front is a tube containing the lens and a frame for the pictures, which were painted upon glass; an oil-lamp, with a brass reflector, is inside the lamp. In the perfecting of this instrument Kircher seems to have received great assistance from a mathematician named Walgenstenius, who constructed many lanterns, and sold them to the Italian nobility, who were anxious to possess the wonderful novelty.

The *Phantasmagoria*, an improvement upon Kircher's lantern, was introduced into Paris by one Robert, or Robertson, a conjuror, of Liege, about the year 1798; and into England by Philipstal, also a Frenchman, in 1802. This instrument differed from Kircher's in being made to run upon wheels, and was so readily brought close to, or removed from, the screen, causing the figures to grow larger or disappear altogether. The pictures on the glass, or "slider," were also opaque, excepting those parts upon which the figures were painted, so that the figures were luminous upon a black ground, and produced a much greater effect than in the old style, where they were thrown upon the screen in a circle of light.

Another improvement in the magic-lantern was introduced in 1811, by Mr. Child, and is used for what are called Dissolving Views. This optical illusion when first brought into requisition for the spectral ship of Vanderdecken, in the drama of the "Flying Dutchman," at the Adelphi Theatre, caused great astonishment. In the Dissolving Views two reflectors are so placed as to throw the images of two pictures upon the same part of the screen, where they gradually melt one into the other.

That optical arrangement, the *Camera Obscura*, literally the "Dark Chamber," was the discovery of Baptista Porta, a Neapolitan philosopher. To the great astonishment of a circle of literary and scientific friends, he brought sea and landscapes into his darkened room. This was managed by arranging panoramic effects outside the house, where many a "painted ship upon a painted ocean" lay at anchor; and boys, concealed behind fictitious trees and mountains, started real animals, or pulled "property" ones about. Possibly that zoological curiosity, the

elephant of the pantomimes (with a gentlemanly "super" at one shilling per night in the fore legs, and another equally favoured being in the other two), may have first seen the light in Baptista Porta's back garden!

The well-known effects of the *camera obscura* may be simply obtained by closing the shutters of a room and leaving only one small hole by which light may enter. Images of objects will then be seen in all their natural colours, but inverted, upon any white surface opposite. The addition of a convex lens will increase the brilliancy of the phenomena, and an arrangement of mirrors restore the images to the natural erect position upon the screen.

The modern illusion known as "Pepper's Ghost" has gone through several phases. Its effects are due to the optical law that when a luminous ray falls upon a polished plane surface the reflection takes place on a plane perpendicular to the reflecting surface, and the incident and reflected rays form equal angles with it. This may be observed in the plate glass of such places as the Burlington Arcade, the polished windows of a first-class railway carriage as it rattles through a tunnel, or the well-cleaned windows of that humbler conveyance, a metropolitan tramway-car, as it goes its night journey to the suburbs, after the closing of the shops and all is dark without.

This beautiful production of distinct visions of solid bodies upon plain unsilvered glass waited a long time before it was utilised in the illusions of M. Robin, at Paris, and the Polytechnic "ghost." In the earlier attempts in this country the person who undertook the rôle of spectre stood in a strong light at the side of the stage, the glass upon which the vision came being set in front of the audience at such an angle as to take upon it the reflection of the figure at the "wing," which had a dark background of the same colour as that upon the stage. The difficulty in this instance was to get the phantom into a perpendicular position.

Another method, and one in very general use now, for "ghost" exhibitions, is shown in Fig. 4. The large glass (*A*) upon the stage is so arranged as to be quite invisible to the audience, its edges being hidden by painted foliage or other contrivances. The impersonators of the spectres lie upon their backs horizontally, below the level of the stage at *B*. Here they disport themselves, every look and gesture being faithfully reproduced by the glass above, where the images appear quite erect. The left hand must always be used for the right, etc., as the image is reversed when presented to the spectators. The auditorium being dark, and the light upon the stage less vivid than that illuminating the figures below—in what is facetiously termed "the oven"—the phantoms are more distinctly visible to the audience than are the real actors, and at the same distance behind the glass as the originals are in front of it.

Those upon the stage cannot see the visions that "come like shadows, so depart," therefore the positions to be occupied at certain times, when they have to pass a sword or even walk through a ghost, has to be carefully arranged beforehand. Startling effects are also at the command of the exhibitor by keeping the stage dark so that a performer, dressed exactly as the ghost below, cannot be seen. The bright light upon the figure beneath shows the vision distinctly, but this gradually subdued while, simultaneously, the lights upon the

stage are raised, the ghost will appear to develop into the actor now visible behind the glass, and in the exact position occupied by the apparition.

Another, and perhaps the best method to work these illusions, is shown in Fig. 5. Here two glasses are seen, each placed at an angle of 45° . The lower one (A) is a mirror, and throws the reflection of the performer at B upon the plain glass C, and the ghost appears upon the stage behind this at D. Here the performer can, by walking parallel to the glass, give the effect of the vision walking upon the stage. All the movements are natural, and the illusion is most complete.

This class of exhibition, indeed, appears marvellous to the uninitiated, and those who understand its principles cannot but admire the beautiful results. The illusions are capable of almost unlimited extension. One more may be mentioned, which produces great wonder in an audience, where a large black board is placed unmistakably in their view, and a spectre hand writes in white characters upon it. This is managed by having a duplicate board below the stage, so arranged that its shadow falls exactly over the one in view of the audience. Upon this duplicate black surface the performer writes with chalk, and, as all save his hand is covered by black cloth, and so blends with the black board above, the hand only appears to the spectators. This leaves the flesh-coloured stuffed gloves (the "materialised hands") of the spirit media far behind!

Visions of real flesh and blood may sometimes be seen floating in the air, apparently unsupported. This is also an optical deception, as the performer stands upon the edge of a thick sheet of plate glass which, its edges being carefully hidden, does not appear to the spectators.

One of the achievements of the Polytechnic was the head of Socrates, which appeared in the centre of the stage without any body attached to it, and delivered a set speech "with good accent and discretion." The sensational effect was produced by simple means, the actor's head being merely thrust through a hole in a silvered glass plate, which, by a skillful arrangement of lights and drapery, was invisible to the audience.

The trick called "Palingenesia" was upon the same principle, and the limbs to be severed from the body were dummies fixed in holes in the glass, while the real limbs of the performer reposed in perfect security behind it.

The illusion of the "sweet little cherubs" who sat (or, rather, floated, sitting being an impossibility under the circumstances) "up aloft," at the Polytechnic, after the celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, were produced by the same means; but might also have been arranged as successfully by reflections from some interesting children engaged for the occasion, whose bodies, being considered superfluous for the characters they were to represent, could be hidden behind a dark cloth, through which their heads peered. This matching in colour the background of the stage, and skillful blending with it in the reflection, would assist the illusion.

Having briefly indicated the leading points in the public use of optical illusions, I may name a few for private examination, alike curious and instructive. A deformed, or an amorphous, drawing upon a flat surface can be so arranged that, though it have no shape or meaning to the eye, it shall yet be reflected,

in perfect form and proportion, on the convex side of a cylindrical mirror placed in the proper focus, or the picture may be painted on the convex surface, and reflected on the plane. An ordinary statuette, say of a child, can be so distorted by the use of a prism with a small refracting angle, that the head may be placed upon its breast, like those

" ——— men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders;"

or apparently severed from the body altogether.

If an intaglio (a sunken device, as an ordinary seal) be held towards a window, those parts of it farthest from the window will receive most light; while an impression of the seal (which may be called the cameo, or raised device), if similarly placed, will receive more light upon the side nearer to the window. This is, of course, obvious. Now view the seal through a compound microscope, or achromatic telescope, and you invert the position of the object, and find the depressed portions have become elevated, and appear exactly as the impression of the seal is to the naked eye.

But the eye is literally "open" to deception without employing such instruments. Its power of retaining impressions induces it to see that which is not; thus a lighted stick rapidly twirled round looks like a circle of fire, and bodies in swift rotation appear stationary. Natural causes produce other curious effects, for instance, sustained vision of objects seen obliquely is impossible. This may be demonstrated by placing a pea upon a green cloth, and a narrow strip of white paper at some distance from it, but so as to be perfectly clear by indirect vision. Gazing steadily upon the pea, you will notice that shortly a part, or possibly the whole, of the white paper will vanish, the green cloth seeming to cover the spot upon which it lay. The paper may be again visible, after an interval, and once more fade away.

Atmospherical phenomena account for many ghosts, and are almost as guilty in this direction as the finger-posts at country cross-roads, that have scared so many rustic Tony Lumpkins, with their white outstretched arms, standing grimly pointing in the deserted lanes at night. The refractive power of the air produces the extraordinary illusions known as the *mirage*. These singular and magical effects have been seen in nearly all parts of the world. Humboldt, during his travels in South America, witnessed from Cumana the islands of Baracha and Licuita apparently floating in the air. Upon the coast of Africa, towards evening, the "look-out" upon a schooner observed the tall masts of another ship rise slowly from the sea. They appeared distinctly, and other parts came up above the horizon until the whole vessel was seen to first rest upon the water, and then rise above it until the hull was plainly visible. Mariners are often superstitious, and viewed such phenomena in the light of "phantom ships;" but it was the coldness of the sea and the air above it gradually decreasing in density that caused the illusion. Among the marvels of the Paleocryptic Sea are frequent magical effects where glittering icebergs appear to float, inverted, in the air, where ships are seen keel upwards and magnified in size, and ice-floes assume the appearance of fair cities, gay with "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces." This phenomenon, called "the Enchanted Coast," was witnessed by Mr. Scoresby, on his voyage to Greenland in 1822, and he also per-

ceived an inverted ship in the air, which was afterwards found to be the image of his father's vessel, at that time thirty miles distant.

The "Fata Morgana," or "Castles of the Fairy Morgana," seen in the Straits of Messina, like the visionary cities of the Arctic regions, present pictures of hill and dell, towns, and people, ever swiftly changing, as the forms in a kaleidoscope, and these effects arise from unequal aerial refraction.

Sometimes spectral phenomena are produced by clouds. The good people of Florence were startled by seeing, floating above the city, a great figure of an angel, and for some hours they were duped into a belief in a miracle, until it was found that the shadow of a gilded angel surmounting the Duomo was thrown upon the cloud by the rays of the setting sun. Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," mentions the astonishment created by a similar illusion, in which the vision of a man, attended by an enormous dog, was seen in the sky. Both these effects are due to the same cause as the spectre of the Brocken (one of the loftiest of the Hartz Mountains in Hanover), where colossal figures in the air imitate the movements of the observers. These cloud phantoms are not inverted. The old adage, therefore, that "seeing is believing," must not be accepted as a truism, the eye, indeed, wonderful as are its powers of taking in form, size, position, and colour, can yet be, in its turn, "taken in" very easily, and is, as we see every day, a most innocent and gullible organ. Our eyes are frequently made "the fools o' the other senses," conjuring up, when the mind is ill at ease, or when bodily ailments afflict us, apparitions as genuine to all appearance as the dagger of Macbeth. In our dreams there are no objects presented to the eye, though we apparently see many and in great detail; and they frequently create so great an impression upon the mind that the scenes are re-enacted in the waking moments. Spinoza avows that one morning, when starting from a dream, the vision was yet as vivid as though palpable to the touch. It is similar illusion that "informs the eye" of the misanthrope. In his waking dreams he sees not the landscape spread before him; his eye—slave of the mind—raises phantasms unsubstantial, yet terribly real. So is it with other passions and moods of the human spirit.

Overwork and anxiety, too, readily induce such phenomena. It is related of Sir Joshua Reynolds that "when, after being many hours occupied in painting, he walked into the street, the lamp-posts seemed to him to be trees, and the men and women moving shrubs." Such visual peculiarities are warnings to the overtaxed brain, being symptoms of cerebral disorder, that might end in mental disease. We refer to these things as proofs that the sense of sight is easily open to deception from natural causes, apart from the tricks of the "magician" and "illusionist."

Varieties.

POPE PIUS IX.—Signor Bonghi, formerly President of the Italian Chamber, thus, in brief, expressed his estimate of the character of Pius IX: "He is a man of limited intelligence, of scanty knowledge, of quick temperament, but of a pure mind, is conscious of no wrong or fault, of no unworthy motive on his part. He has known adversity, but he can think of no mishap for which he is himself to blame. He brooks no opposition, and is beset by

flatterers whose safety depends on confirming in his error a Pontiff whom they have proclaimed free from error. The cardinals have been so long awed by the absolute and imperious disposition of the Pope's mind that it has at all times been impossible to get at their real way of thinking. Though neither harsh nor fierce by nature, Pius IX is extremely self-reliant and conceited, and ready to visit contradiction, however slight, to his wishes with punishments, the severity of which is heightened by his conviction that those wishes are the incarnation of God's will. All resistance to his behests angers him, inasmuch as he deems it not only irreverent, but sinful."

THE YELLOWSTONE REGION.—The Earl of Dunraven, in his recently published work, "The Great Divide," describes the strange colouring of the region. Speaking of one part of it he says: "The clays are dyed into brilliant and startling combinations of colours, sometimes beautifully blended together, sometimes opposed, with that glaring contradiction to the laws of man of which Nature is so fond, and with that perfect success which always attends her efforts. Every shade of yellow is represented, from a delicate cream-colour to glaring saffron; bright reds and scarlets and most glorious purples, shading off into black, are relieved by occasional patches of vivid verdure, or by the more sombre green of the few audacious pine-trees that cling triumphantly to the cliff."

DUC DE BROGLIE.—Many people over here must have met the Duc de Broglie in society when he was in London, soon after the war, as Thiers' ambassador. "Nobody could converse with this eminent personage without being struck by his fulsome manner and his sour smile, his academic coxcombry and primness, and his piping treble voice. He seemed the very type of the Jesuit lay-brother or confessor, possessed of that indescribable air and tone of the adept in double dealing and every kind of obliquity. When he was not abusing England, he was sneering at the Government he represented and the chief he professed to serve. The secret of his political career is, that he is at heart a priest, and that he is nerved by the same base fear of the popular majority which drew the noblesse across the frontiers to Coblenz in the first Revolution."

GAMMON AND BACON.—There was a grand Liberal dinner given at Oxford not very long ago at which Sir W. V. Harcourt, as senior member for the city, attended. Some Conservative wag a few days previous to the event, filled with the desire to cut a joke at his political adversaries' expense, wrote a letter to Sir Henry Dashwood, a county gentleman of Liberal belief, asking him to send some provisions for the dinner, including some bacon, which was a favourite article of food with Sir William, as the committee were so short of funds. This letter was signed "John Bacon," a noted local politician, and well known to Sir Henry. The things were readily sent, in all good faith. When the hoax was discovered, and the good-natured baronet was complaining at being "shot at," Sir William laughingly replied, "But, Sir Henry, you ought to have known Bacon from gammon!"

COUNT GREFFULKE.—Count Greffulke, now a French "Life Senator," is the nephew of the famous usurer of his name and title, who died fourteen years ago. He had an office in London, and "accommodated," to a large extent, heirs to English estates. The late Sir Robert James Clifton borrowed money of him at seventy-five per cent. Lady Cowley annually extracted from him £40 for the British Charitable Fund. This was considered a triumph of her ladyship's diplomacy, which, indeed, it was. The fortune of this usurer in France amounted at his death to 44,000,000 of francs, which was divided between his two nephews. They inherited besides the next best thing to English landed property, namely, mortgages on fat estates in the United Kingdom.

DOG LICENCES.—A lover of dogs proposes the issue with each licence of a small medal, bearing the number of the licence, the name of town or place of issue, and the year, requiring the same to be worn by the dog, attached to the collar. In the case of a dog biting a person, the police could find out the owner by reference to the number of the licence. Stray dogs, having no apparent owner or medal, should be destroyed. This would soon put a stop to so many curs being kept without a licence and allowed to roam about the streets, and would make all keepers of dogs look better after them, as they would become liable for any damage done by the animals. Should the medal get lost, then by the production of the receipt for the licence the authorities might grant another for the payment of a small sum. The medal would be rather an ornament to the dog's collar than otherwise.

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